

The Omen



The Omen

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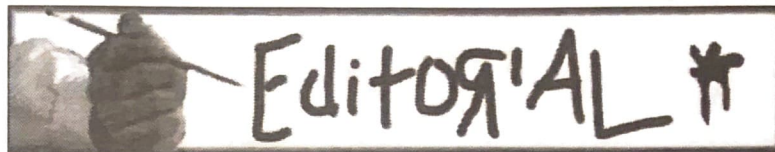
Cover by Dave Wilcox

Policy Box!

The Omen accepts from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to be responsible for what you say. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not able to be printed in this forum.

Submissions, which includes just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (news, opinions, artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Ben Sanders (E-307, box 710), or Jonathan Land (E-311, box 527). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY Macintosh), although hard copy (on paper, dumbass) is okay as well. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you with no problem.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times. What better way to be heard?



Nice Guys Finished Confused

I'm now going to justify why 1) I treat some people like crap, yet I consider it doing them a favor, and 2) I believe that some people deserved to be treated like crap.

I believe in pure, unadulterated, brutal honesty, which is something that a lot of folks don't appreciate. I can't stand phonies. People here at Hampshire (and the rest of the world, to a lesser extent) seem to pull punches when they are dealing with other people in situations where they don't want to. What they don't realize is that if you let someone know exactly where they stand with you, you don't have to worry about silly confusions and misinterpretations about where you're coming from.

Think about it. Which would you rather have: someone who speaks insincerely politely and civilly in front of you, and then repeatedly cuts you down behind your back, or someone who will simply spare you the petty crap, and not talk to you because they know you don't want to hear it?

It is OK to dislike people. Especially these fake bullshit artists. This is another concept that people don't get. If you have the courage of your convictions, and there is someone that you highly

disrespect who is insisting on working with you, JUST SAY NO!!! If they ask you why, tell them. If you choose to be oblivious to these things, it will only make your life more difficult in the long run, and your projects not as strong as they could be.

Now I'm not going to go look at the Frogbook, and tell people to fuck off in alphabetical order (obviously working from P95 backwards), because that would be exceptionally cruel. No, it's not: Everyone entering P95 with a last name that starts with "A", go fuck yourselves (except you, of course, Gillian). Tomorrow, all you people whose last names start with "B" can get bent. (And so forth.)

Of course, there are people that are persistently stupid, who simply aren't aware of this. It is your duty as an upstanding citizen to inform them. This way, if they're passive-stupid, they might listen to you and attempt to better themselves, and if they're aggressive-stupid, they'll simply do you a favor and stop talking to you. Occasionally you'll run into someone from the latter category who's especially stubborn. These are people to whom you could say something like "I don't want to work

with you," and they'd insist on it until you smash their face through inch-thick glass, pour lighter fluid in their wounds, and then set them on fire. Even then they have the audacity to ask you for shit. "Put me out, I'm burning, I'm burning!" No, you're whining, you're whining, and I won't tolerate it.

I hate liars, fakes, sniveling shits, pansies, and other retardards who try to pass themselves off as the genuine article. Next time you step to me and my boy Vinnie, we'll break you friggin' legs in so many places from the waist down you'll look like puered carrots.

After we do that, I'm gonna chain you (yeah, you) to a tree and my friggin' SAAB, and let Darwin do the friggin' rest if you know what I'm saying.

Two words: Colombian Friggin' Necktie.

What? Shut the fuck up! You fuckin' poser-ass mother. I'll friggin' rip your head off, you cheap imitation.

Eric Goulden
Performance Artist
New York City

"Super Wolf can do it."

-Super Wolf

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Changes In SAGA As We Know It

CHANGES AHEAD AT SAGA

You thought they were just trying to buy our love with the offering of a new waffle iron? Think again. Greater things are afoot at Saga (formally known as the Marriott Dining Commons), according to Director of Dining Services Doug Martin. This spring, look for more additions to Saga's artillery of food-preparation devices and barrage of menu choices, and maybe even changes in scheduling.

Among the innovations will be a pizza oven, new cereal dispensers that will make a greater variety of cereals available at all hours, more convenient soup containers, and a better-endowed spice rack. The latter is due to students' complaints that Saga's fare is frequently bland. Martin commented that nothing

could be directly done to the food, as "it has to be (bland), we're cooking for the majority." However, he noted that he and his co-workers hoped "to break up the monotony of coming here."

The first modifications will be made within the next few weeks, and will consist mostly of moving things around "for convenience purposes," as Martin said.

Installation of the pizza oven will take place over spring break. Many different "creative and crazy" pizza toppings will be available. Martin is currently seeking a special chef to operate the oven. He expressed concern about the difficulty of finding vegan dough for both pizza and waffles, but said that a search was being made for ways to accommodate vegans.

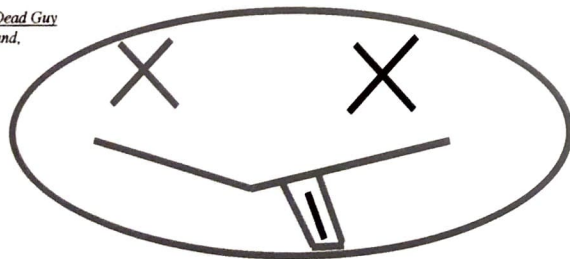
One of the more momentous ideas that Martin and his co-

workers, Peggy Weickum and Marcy Hersh, came up with as they were brainstorming was the possibility of establishing a continuous service schedule that would be more convenient to students. During the hours between meals the pizza and salad bars and perhaps a deli would be in operation. This change must be proposed to the college first, however, as it has more far-reaching effects.

Martin, who previously worked for Marriott in the Boston area, seemed pleased with all the changes, and said one of the best aspects of the changes is that the additional features will "not (cost) the students a cent." Apparently, such services have been successfully tried in the past at other colleges serviced by Marriott.

Gillian Andrews

Head Of A Dead Guy
Jonathan Land,
1996



A Negative Space Update

Next time you plunk down a couple of quarters to buy some coffee at the Negative Space Café, take a look around you and remember when the space was a barren wasteland of: (for P93 and up) dirty linoleum with the occasional Prescott event in it, (for P83 and up) Marriot french fries and stale memories of beer kegs, and (for all the lucky sods who got out of here earlier) a great, beer-swilling time. Then marvel at the fact that, though students are running it, the revival of the Prescott Tavern has finally come to pass.

Touted at "the place to be"

on Wednesday and Saturday nights, the Negative Space has come a long way in a very short time. Last year, this reporter conducted an interview with Negative Space collaborator Hazel Elgart, and while the food was good, the menu witty, and the floor clean, the place just wasn't packing in the crowds.

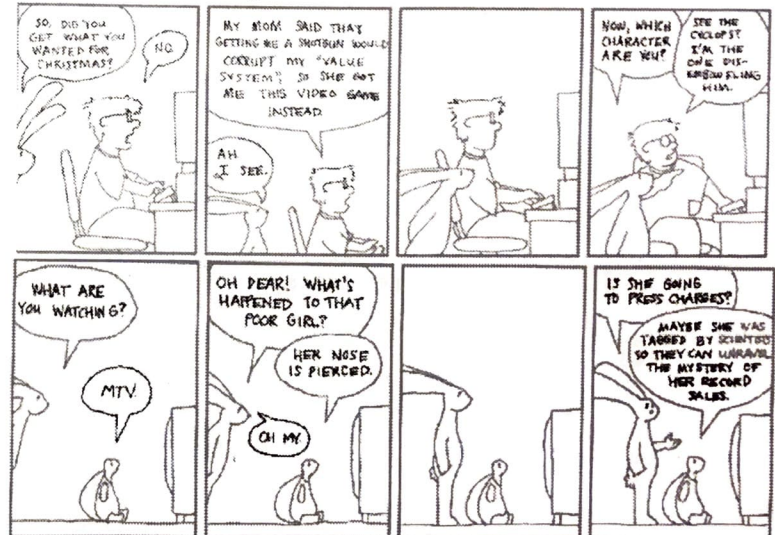
Last Saturday, foregoing the usual open mike night, the NS was host to a funk band that brought out dancing, espresso-drinking happy Hampshire folk in droves. For those who didn't want to be in the thick of the funk, the upstairs was open, for

playing pool, Life, or chatting in a slightly less chaotic setting. The festivities continued until 1:00 am, when the sound crew called it quits for the evening.

The NS is only open on Wednesdays and Saturdays, due to a lack of managers. Volunteers are encouraged to contact Chris Deliso, Hazel Elgart, or Dan Gregor to offer their time to the Café. Until the NS finds the means to be open more often, Hampshire students can enjoy the Wednesday night quiet "study" time, and the Saturday open mike night.

Stephanie Cole

Milkweed by Neil Golden



SECTION HATE

Proof That Recycling Works

Section Hate - 11 February, 1996 (originally published in Volume 5, Issue 7 of The Omen)

Note from the author:

This is one of the articles I wrote last spring, when I was still a lowly staffer on The Omen and didn't have my own editorship. My weekly column was then called "Notes from Limboland" - many of you will remember it. This article is a little out of date, but still relevant, I believe . . . and it also wonderfully shows just how big of a hypocrite I am. Hey, I like to stay humble. Anyway, happy reading, and hopefully we'll see you next week with a fresh article.

There is a movement— I shudder to call it that, but I really can't think of anything else better for it— of late here on this campus to "Free Tibet" or to "Free Bangladesh" or to "Free (insert name of impoverished Third World nation in Asia here)." The freedom of various sundry southeast Asian countries has suddenly become very important to many of the students here at Camp Hamp. I guess the question in my mind is: Why?

Now, I don't want to appear insensitive to the plight of

these countries that these students at a small college in the Northeastern United States are so worked up about; I don't think I am. The human rights violations that China has been accused of in its occupation of Tibet is, if not well-documented, fairly well-known (and I guess we can all thank Richard Gere for that). I hadn't known about the shit going on in Bangladesh (or is it Burma? I think it's Burma) but, hell, that's pretty damn horrible too. Maybe it's just that I'm jaded and desensitized - this kind of stuff has been going on in Southeast Asia for years (witness the Khmer Rouge). It's not that I don't care— I guess I'd be inhuman or something if I didn't—it just doesn't garner all that much of my attention anymore. Blame it on my short attention span, blame it on the media's short attention span, blame it on whatever— Southeast Asia is half a world away, and the human rights violations of sundry despotic regimes just don't grab my brain anymore. Oh, where has my idealism gone? Straight down the motherfucking toilet.

You see, it has begun to confuse me why people feel the need to protest something that they have absolutely no control over and who are so far removed

from the area/site of contention that the people who are in control have no hope of seeing said protest. It doesn't make any sense to me (and, truth be told, neither did that last sentence, but, grammar be damned, I'm going to plow ahead) why idealistic students— in the media's eye, a dying breed— concentrate their idealism on causes they have no hope of helping. Why go on a hunger strike in the Northeastern United States when your cause is 10,000 miles away in a much warmer section of the globe? Are the Red Chinese even going to notice your stomach rumbling? Nope. Especially not the Red Chinese. They're hopeless. You can't get them to change their minds on anything— threaten them with trade sanctions, threaten them with a total trade embargo, hell, threaten them with total nuclear annihilation, and the Chinese just snicker and ignore your capitalist ass.

Of course, there was that whole billion-dollar software piracy agreement between the US and China a few days ago (wherein the Chinese agreed to enforce US copyright law on such things as computer software, books, music CDs and tapes, etc., in exchange for a big

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trade deal), but I don't think it's really going to hold up. The Chinese (and the whole of Southeast Asia, in general) have different notions about copyright protection and the like. Who are we to impose our value judgments upon them? But I digress . . .

Tibet is roughly the size of the land acquired by the United States in the Louisiana Purchase (give or take a few hundred square miles or so). Now, sure, the Chinese are being nasty and imperialistic by occupying Tibet and, yeah, the Chinese are especially bad in the human rights violations department, but the US did the same goddamn thing, really, one hundred fifty years ago. I don't see anyone making a big ol' stink about it nowadays. (Well, of course not. That land is populated by *us* now, and, hell, we don't want to give up cities like St. Louis or Baton Rouge now, do we?) Think about it. How many Native Americans did we slaughter on the land once known as Louisiana, just because they were "savages?" And remember "manifest destiny?" C'mon, root around in your brain and dredge up that American History class you took in high school. There you go. We did the same damn thing as the Chinese have done in Tibet - the only difference being that, whereas we went all capitalist and *bought* the land we chose to occupy, the Chinese did it the old-fashioned way and just *took* Tibet. Fucking Communists.

More Recycled Materials

My point is this: why utilize your fervent idealism on a cause like freeing Tibet when there's so much bad shit happening in this country? I mean, if you look at it in a technical, literal sense, we've got plenty of human rights abuses going on in the good ol' US of A. Racism (read "hate crimes"), homophobia (also read "hate crimes") and Native American reservations (read "oppression of a minority class by the state") are pretty good examples. Maybe I'm being isolationist (just call me "Woodrow") but I think that we should concentrate on solving our own problems before we send our ideological focus skipping halfway across the goddamn globe. And here's the Generation Xer coming out in me: what the hell can we do about it anyway? What's the point? Should we invade Tibet and push the Chinese right the fuck out of there? That's what we'd have to do, because we already know that imposing trade sanctions and the like upon China just doesn't work. And besides, why should we? We don't have any national interests to protect in Tibet; if we did, we would have gone in there, guns blazing, days after the Chinese first occupied Tibet. Now, find some oil in Tibet and we'll talk . . .

The moral of this week's Limboland: fix your own shit before you even think of fixing anyone else's . . . and Richard Gere be damned. He's not that

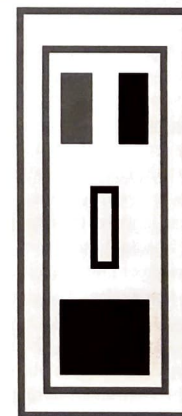
good of an actor anyway.

Anyway, that's it for this week. You should know the litany by now, but, hell, I'll repeat it for ya, just in case you've forgotten: if you want to respond to anything written in this or any other Limboland, please send your (specific) comments to jobF92@hamp on email, or snail mail to Josh Brassard at box 21, HC . . . or you can write something for *The Omen*. We like submissions— we're imperialistic that way. (I have no idea what that's supposed to mean, but, hell, sounds nifty to me)

So remember kiddies: keep your feet on the ground, but keep reaching for the stars.

Thpph.

Josh Brassard
Section Hate Editor



Wreckangle
Jonathan Land,
1996

On Acid and Disneyland

This last winter vacation, I went to Disneyland for the first time in years. When I was a kid growing up in Los Angeles, I really did think that Disneyland

Thoughts After Midnight

was the Happiest Place on Earth—almost every time an occasion arose, I'd ask my parents to take me there. I think I felt at home there in a way that I did nowhere else.

This last visit I almost had a nervous breakdown, and spent most of the day sitting in the car in the parking lot while my sister and her friends went on the rides. And now, in my usual fashion, I'm brooding, trying to figure out what made the difference.

In all honesty, though, there's really not all that much brooding required, at least in my case. As my friends well know, I'm over-sensitive enough to the schizoid experience of post-modern reality to make me a bad sport at any art opening, and in that context, the Disney phenomenon is easy enough to understand. Even so, however (and this is the point at which all squeamish readers should make their hasty exit), I'm feeling the need to spew on this subject for a while.

By this point it's pretty thoroughly a cliché to talk about the shift from modernity to postmodern reality in terms of the shift from "work" to "play," or by describing the fragmentation of a single authoritative

meta-narrative into a multiplicity of highly personal narrative threads, but that doesn't make it any less true.

In the context of the *splintering* of reality, it becomes easier to talk about Disneyland (and I'm speaking in specific of the Magic Kingdom here, rather than such pseudo-counterparts as Magic Mountain, Marine Land, etc.) as a form of *hyper-reality*. The idea of multiple metaphorical levels is inherent in every conception of post-modernity, and among these levels, Disneyland becomes a metaphor for reality, a distillation of reality. Not just of any reality though, but of the reality of childhood.

When I loved Disneyland as a child, it was because the external Magic Kingdom reflected the inner one I had then. The purposeless wandering of Mickey, Minnie, Donald, and Daisy around the park, the different "lands" (Adventureland, Fantasyland, Tomorrowland, etc.) existing in different realities but close proximity, the definition of a space in which different fantasies can be spun out without interfering with each other are all united in the verb *to play*. To play.

The difference between childhood and maturity was classically distinguished by the difference between *to work* and *to play*. But what happens when *to work* becomes an antiquated idea? Do new definitions of maturity arise? Or-- as seems more likely-- does the mature world

resolve its existential crisis not by "getting in touch with the inner child" (as so many 80's self-help books recommended) but by *becoming* the "inner child."

Statistical evidence for this movement is far from lacking. The fact that Disneyland is now a world-wide phenomenon and that children's books were the most popular birthday gift for *persons between the ages of sixteen and twenty five* last year both speak of a prolonging of childhood. The resurgence in popularity of acid as a recreational drug also speaks to this: "let's go out and play" is the catch phrase of the acid trip experience. Another tie-in: acid is clinically described as creating a schizoid experience in its users.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not out to critique the Disney/acid experience here, at least in anything more than personal terms. Post-modernity terrifies me, but my own conservatism may be to blame for that more than anything else-- and I realize I've succumbed to the phenomenon as much as anyone else: the very fact of my disclaiming is a consummately postmodern phenomenon. But even so, I can't help but tossing in a final thought-- or warning.

There are atomic bombs out there.

Are we sure we want them in the hands of children?

February 1996
Amherst, Massachusetts

Matthew Flaming

Treppenrant, What Is It Anyway?

Since I'm staff now, I'd like to introduce myself, or possibly explain myself. My name is Casey Nordell. I live in Dakin F309, at least until the end of the semester. As I said in my last article my mailbox number is 13 and my e-mail address is cwnF95@hamp. In high school I was the head editor of one of our main school papers. I am not to proud to say that not one issue of the paper came out the entire year. (The editor the year before me put out one issue the entire year, and the guy before him managed to get out an issue a month without fail.) Feeling like the last czar of Russia, I came to this school having a hand in helping destroy one of the few good things about my high school, a vestige of free speech. The problem was that it wasn't really free speech. The teacher in charge of the paper wouldn't let me print anything "inappropriate", and I'm just not a very appropriate kinda guy. The first issue that was scheduled to come out in September kept us at odds for months. I kept handing in the finished copy for her approval and she kept handing it back deleting all references to beer and anatomical parts (all the good bits) giving me a blah paper to put out. I would refuse, re-work the material and re-submit it. Again, I would not gain her approval. We would fight for hours about the inclusion of the word "ass" in one of the articles in the phrase "pain in the —". I even

offered to replace the word ass with "butt, bottom, @\$#, —, rear," and even finally "neck" and still she said it was unacceptable. By this time the paper, being political in nature and ephemeral in content, would need to be entirely rewritten, so I retook submissions from all over, once again being held responsible for their content. Around mid-December I realized that the teacher just didn't want the paper put out at all, and that it just wasn't worth it, so I gave up.

Upon arriving at Hampshire, I was thrilled to find out about the presence of "The Omen" seeming to be a true rag for free speech, albeit the exclusion of libel (which I personally found amusing and entertaining for countless hours), and began to write for it as soon as I got a feel for the type of material they were looking for. I got positive feedback for my articles (from the public) and realized I was probably a better writer than editor. I also eventually got bugged every week for an article even though my original intention was to have a commitment-free relationship with Jon (happy now jerky, I spelled it right) because I just didn't like him in that way. But I respected what Jon was doing and I know what it's like to try to fill all those blank white pages every month having to depend on your lazy, unmotivated writing staff, so I asked him if I could be staff too, and I suppose I am now, even though the no-

menclature of my position is unclear (excuse the pun, actually never mind because most of you probably didn't catch the pun at all and now I am simply drawing attention to it). Regardless, now I get to be professionally lazy and unmotivated (what exactly is the difference between those words anyway?)

So I have been trying to improve and distinguish my style. I don't want to be confused with or compared with Eugene, or Josh, or Jon, and anyone else who complains in a childish way. I want my immature complaining to have a distinct flavor, and I'm confident that that will come with time. Let me explain how I compose an article (in a kind of "Eugene Does Eugene" way, for all you ex-Phoenix readers). Generally I'm sitting or standing somewhere on or off campus and someone or something does something stupid. I observe the event fully but am often unable to reply to it at the time. Later on I create some broad generalizations about the event in my head and eventually create an article along the lines of "Everyone's Stupid" or "Everything's Annoying". And in this way my anger for their act is released finally way after the event, when they least expect it.

I suppose this is how my style is similar to that of many, and it is how I fit into the Omen heritage. The difference is that my articles are not simple gener-

Continued on the next page.

More Of Casey Nordell: Staff Writer

Continued from previous page.

alized complaining or whining (well, okay maybe they are, but), they are also a personal but anonymous attack on someone or something. Yes, I suppose this is libel (unless it's something), but it's cleverly disguised libel. The kind that's disguised in generalities. My anonymity comes not from me hiding my own name (which wouldn't be any fun — no fame!), but rather from deleting my victim's name and replacing it with the word "everyone" or "everybody" or "some people" or so forth. The interesting results of this are: a) I can say anything about anyone and keep everyone guessing as to who it is regarding, b) no one ever really knows who I'm talking about, and some people who the article is really not written about at all (say, for instance, I've never met them) find it pertaining to themselves so the article takes on a greater effect, c) no

one really gets hurt in the end, which is, after all, the point of all this harmless fun that we're having here. And I might actually do some good (okay, I'm an optimist). Now that my secret's out, I'll have to be a little more discreet in the future, but, hey... all the more fun.

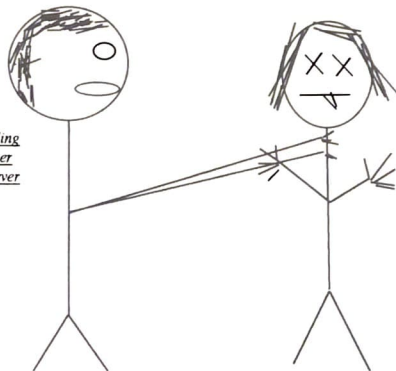
By the way, as for the whole "Treppenrant" thing. The word, which I commonly sign off with, is derived from two separate words: a) "Treppenwitz" a German noun meaning "a clever or witty remark that is thought of too late to use it." This word describes 50% of my style (as described above), and also lends partial nomenclature (gosh, how many times do you see that word used twice in a non-scientific article?) to Jeremy Treppen (part time Omen writer, and a damn good one too, I might add... we all might be hearing more from him in the future, if we're lucky and patient kiddies...) and b) rant.

Ranting accounts for another 50% of my style (although I have nothing against ranting; I am trying to clean up the coherency of my published works, because all I want to be is understood.)

Anyway, now that I'm staff, I guess you'll get some putrid article from me every week now (probably not as long as this one, fortunately, because there's nothing I like to talk about more than myself) and I'd like to announce my long term goals (not that anyone cares): I'm going to be aiming for writing some more multi-part articles of greater scope; touching on more on-campus related topics; and now that I'm staff, I'll be aiming for becoming an editor (hopefully a better one than I was in HS) by the end of the semester (all part of my Master-Plan, sorry Jon).

**Treppenrant by:
Casey Nordell
Omen Staff**

*Jonathan Land Brutally Strangling
Amber Cortes should she lock her
article in someone else's room ever
again
Jonathan Land,
1996*



Local Live Bands at the Grotto:

**Waif/ St. Chimeara/
Cordelia's Dad**

As I turned the corner of St., miserably battling with the bitter cold and all-powerful forces of my bitter cold, I saw the lights of the Grotto, the (warm) destination that I was headed for. A "Grotto" this place certainly wasn't neatly placed in a very New-England like brick building, with spotlights turned to call attention to a costly black sign and caligraphized lettering, I certainly didn't feel as if I was entering a dark, subterranean cavernous interior so famed from the days of London's "Bat Cave" clubs of the early 80's. I entered the building and partook in the necessary annoyance of showing my ID and paying \$5 for the show. (Actually pretty cheap, but I'm pretty cheap, so of course I'm going to grumble a bit about it...) It's actually a very comfortable place, with the regulation pool table, jukebox, etc. but also with couches and slick black tables and chairs in every corner. And I certainly got more than my five dollars worth of the free popcorn offered in baskets throughout the club.

The first group to come on was a band called Waif from Amherst College. The lead singer was no waif, but rather a

tomboyish young woman with a propensity towards Pez. The band had a light, poppy sound to them, which I enjoyed, because I think every once in a while Pez is a great treat, as was this band-sweet, candy like and in cute containers. Also, any band with a female vocalist and a viola player accompanying every song warrants a sort of immediate respect in my eyes—just call it a personal bias, perhaps. The viola added the extra measure of depth to the songs that brought the band over the level of just simply a "normal" band. I say this because they had all the requirements of a good, solid band-cohesiveness, instrumental unity working towards progressions—they were indeed very good at progressions, laying each instrument on top of each other in a gradual way, and the New Order song that they covered showed that well. They also pulled off a cover of The Cranes "Lilies", showing that they can play harder songs as well, and if you've ever heard the song, it was the perfect one for this band to cover—the lead singer's voice had that child like, angelic quality to it that goes against the thrashing, fucked up background to the song. Overall, a really fun band...

But of course, too much Pez can give one a stom-

ach ache sometimes, and the next band, St. Chimeara, provided some of the darker, more abstruse music of the evening. This bothers me, but there was something about the band that I didn't like and I can't put my finger on what it was exactly. Maybe it was me, maybe it was the fact that I was really quite feverish and swooning a bit when the band came on. They were certainly an interesting looking lot—the lead singer was spiffy in a silk suit and tie, while, in comparison the rest of the band had that rough, unpolished-I-just-fell-off-a-train-look (which is not a bad thing). They started off with a rather incomprehensible spoken/shouted word over guitar thrash thing, which I've always thought as coming off as too pretentious even for Lou Reed or Jim Morrison. However, they were a band that knew how to be heavy—I think what it was that bothered me about the band was that the guitar playing was sometimes innovative and lush—a good dense background with a discordant sound opposed onto it, but then other times the playing would be too conservatively edged-going through scales in a way that reminded me of very typical heavy metal music. Talking to the lead singer was inter-

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More Waifs and Such

Continued from the previous page.

esting- he was very into mythology and gave me a free CD. He told me that the band was from Boston and very often played with Goth bands (for their dark sound), although they admittedly aren't really Gothic at all. I also thought the electric violin was a nice touch (again, my prejudices). Caroline thinks the violinist was a bit concieted, but I think a dirty chain smoking beer drinking violinist has a certain rare charm. I think he was drunk. He was definitely funny as hell. Oh well. Because I was beginning to feel at that moment that everyone in the place was blending together like a bad impressionist painting (I was feeling my half a bottle of dayquil at 98 degrees-I know, I'm a wimp), I regreably didn't pay much attention to Cordelia's Dad, the actual headliner band. So I am entrusting the last part of this review to Caroline, who was at the show and conscious for the last band...

Lucky me and, even more, lucky you. Yes I was there with Amber as Cordelia's Dad took the stage. They are known more for a traditional Irish folk

sound. People I have spoken with tell me their albums are more often instrumental and many of their fans prefer this. I, however, do not. WE went to "kick some ass". WE were unable to do so because the majority of people at the show were in kind of a slow, dreamy state of mind and found it too difficult to, perhaps, move to the music. WE were forced against better judgement to take out the week's aggression on the puny losers through the aid of our kneehigh steel-toed boots forced through their gently swirling faces. This is not true, but I would really like a pair of kneehigh steel-toed boots so if anyone reading this has any ideas on where I could get a pair: call x4621, Thanks.

Now, on with the review; despite lack of audience participation the band's driven electric set which was pulsing, inspiring and well put-together was really enjoyable. How do they combine such a stirring melody with continuous pounding background noise. It is one of our modern mysteries (why they're in a band and I am not). Oh, I also have to mention the female bassist who really holds the group

together(Suzanne thinks she is cute) The musical style is really enchanting while being heavy, I suppose this is why they melded so well with St. Chimaera, also the guitarist is quite nice looking and fun to watch. The best part was the little mini-pit Heather and I started with these 3 guys(one the bassist from Waif, he's really nice and can be seen thrashing at all local punk shows) that were bobbing unrhythmically in front of us. this was only eclipsed by our ride home with this crazy guy Rob who had a long stick through his septum("I guess I have an impulse control problem").All in all the bands may not be amazing or world-shattering, but they are very skilled and worthy of a listen. Fun, fun,fun. Oh and thanks for letting me be a part of your literary world, or whatever.

No problem, Caroline. Anytime.

Next week:Follow the adventures as Caroline(WE will kick some ass!) and Amber tackle the Ramones to find out if Joey Ramone is really dead and doesn't know it yet..more fun and freaks to come, I'm sure..

Amber Cortes

The Ramones
Jonathan Land.
1996

